

Rivy's Underground Academy Assignment Book!

by River of Broken Souls

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Summary: This is my assignment book for the forum, Underground Academy! Enjoy!

Rivy's Underground Academy Assignment Book!

****All's fair in love and war****

The young boy peered over the edge with striking violet eyes. Though he was wearing his round glasses, he couldn't see the bottom of the hole. Curiosity got the better of him, and he decided to use a trick his grandfather had taught him before he had died. He stood up and glanced around the top of the mountain until what he was searching for came into sight. There, in the middle of the grass, was a shiny silver pebble. He bent downwards, grasping the smooth pebble in his palms. He quickly made his way back to the mouth of the mountain. He stuck his hand out over the edge, and dropped the pebble. _1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, There! _The boy finished counting the seconds. Using some quick math, he was able to determine that it was about an 88 meter fall to the bottom. Not necessarily lethal, but enough to do some serious damage. Sighing, the boy turned around. He would grab some rope at home, and then continue on his journey. As he turned to head back down the hill, he felt a small amount of pressure on his foot. Looking down, he noticed his shoe-lace was undone. He bent down to tie it back up. He gasped as he stood. Slightly dizzy from standing up so fast, he stuck one of his feet out for balance. He felt nothing but air. Looking over with wild eyes, he saw his foot was hanging over the edge. He struggled to regain his balance, but he failed. The last thing he remembered was the sight of the sun, before the impact knocked him unconscious.

He was soon awoken by a rustling sound. Groaning, he attempted to stand, but pain shot through his legs and he collapsed. Struggling through another attempt, the young boy was able to stand, though very shakily at first. He tried to look at the scenery around him, but the lenses in both his glasses were completely shattered. Sighing he looked for any possible way to fix them. Then, he heard the rustling sound again. The logical part of his brain told him to stay

away from whatever was creating the sound, but the other half told him to follow it. His glasses were shattered and he had no hope of finding his way out without them, so he was as good as dead. Following the rustling, he finally came upon a small yellow blob. Well, that was probably because he couldn't see clearly.

"Howdy! I'm FLOWEY! FLOWEY the FLOWER!"

The boy squinted, just enough to make out the shape. It appeared to be a yellow flower, and it was talking. As his eyes widened, the boy wondered just what the fall had done to his brain.

"Hmmm..."

"You're new to the UNDERGROUND aren'tcha?"

"Golly, you must be so confused."

"Someone ought to teach you how things work around here!"

"I guess little old me will have to d- Are you even listening?!"

The young boy looked up from his notebook and back at the strange flower. He shook his head before looking back in his book. Inside, were notes from his grandfather, who had fought in the war between monsters and humans. Written in print just large enough for him to read, were the three words: DON'T TRUST ANYONE!"

"Well, listen! This is very important! Ready?"

Suddenly, the room went black. Four options appeared in front of him. Fight, Act, Item, and Mercy. As the boy looked up, he saw a purple heart, floating in front of him. The gears inside his mind whirled as he struggled to figure out exactly what was happening.

"See that heart? That is your SOUL, the very culmination of your being!"

"Your SOUL starts of weak, but can grow strong if you gain a lot of LV."

"What's LV stand for? Why, LOVE, of course!"

"You want some LOVE, don't you?"

"Don't worry, I'll share some with you!"

"The boy squinted as he saw a few white dots floating above the flower. He was about to ask something, but Flowey spoke again.

"Down here, LOVE is shared through... Little White... "friendliness pellets."

"Are you ready? Move around! Get as many as you can!"

The young boy gasped as the pellets flew towards him. He stood there, waiting to accept them, but his grandfathers warning came to his mind at the last second. Quickly stepping away, he dodged the pellets. He looked back at Flowey to see him smiling, though it looked

forced.

"Hey buddy, you missed them. Let's try again, okay?"

The boy looked up as the same onslaught of pellets appeared. Once again, he avoided them, suspicious as to what the flower was doing. When he looked at the flower again, all he could read was an angry expression.

"Is this a joke? Are you braindead? RUN. INTO. THE. BULLETS!-
friendliness pellets

Once again, the boy dodged, knowing something was wrong. The flower had called the pellets "bullets," but quickly corrected himself. When he looked at the flower again, he saw an evil smile.

"Strange, very strange. This is your first time down, and yet you seem to know what's going on here."

"Don't think I can't see that notebook in your hand. I remember it very well. That human, you look similar to him. You're his grandson right? Golly! You came all the way here to finish what he started, haven'tcha? Hehe! Sorry buddy, but that war's long gone. But if you want, I can help you with this fight! Don't try to trick me again though. That wouldn't be fair, would it? And as your grandfather said before he "bravely" died, "All's fair in love and war!"

And then, without any notice, the white bullets completely surrounded him.

"DIE!"

The young boy watched in horror as the bullets closed in around him. They came together slowly, taunting him. He knew he couldn't escape, but the flower was making the waiting painful. He closed his eyes. Not like he could see very well before, but because he didn't want to wait any longer. He awaited his demise.

Silence. The boy peeked one eye open, and saw the flower was no where in sight. Instead, he saw a tall figure standing over him. Though the features were blurry, he could feel the aura of kindness coming off of the creature.

"Greetings my child. I, am Toriel."

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